



Clarification



👁 29 ✓ 25 ★ 21

Chapter 1 by mrBiv

"I do not wish to be dead," she told Death. "Only not to be alive."

"All right," Death replied.

Chapter 2 by Kitiōn



This poses a little conundrum I've not encountered before Death said.

Death sat on a wall next to his new potential client, and tapped the handle of his scythe in his skeleton hands on the ground while pondering the situation. Well just another one of those little foibles that go with the territory Death thought to himself.

He asked the person if they could rate life & death on a scale of 1 to 10, and the answer which came back was zero. He then asked the client to rate the possibility of reincarnation, and again the answer was zero.

Death could visualize through the sockets of his skull that this was going to take some time, so suggested that this discussion of dualism be conducted in the comfort of home, over a nice cup of tea.

Chapter 3 by intellikat



"If you don't mind, I'd like to get this over today," she replied, scrolling through some texts on her phone.

Death looked at her quizzically. "Is it possible that you have never actually lived? And therefore, technically are in no position to die?"

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Chapter 4 by Hayley



"Look, I don't have time for you to pretend you're some sage, spouting out life wisdom," she said. "Either you can help me, or I'll find someone who will. But I know you don't want to walk away from this deal."

Death was taken aback by her sass. Most people feared him, deeply respected him, and so he responded with the grave voice and somber demeanor that they seemed to expect from him. But this girl scared him a little, with her bargaining and her flippant attitude towards his duties. "What deal? What could you possibly offer me?" he said.

"When was the last time you had any fun?" she said. "You ever been to a party? I'm not talking about, like, a wake or some crap. I mean a real party. Music, drinking, dancing, that sort of thing? Because I could get you in. I even know this girl that would probably be really into you. She's, like, goth, and obsessed with Emily Dickinson. I'm sure she would eat you up."

This was an appealing idea, but he still couldn't think of a solution to offer her. "I just need some more time," he said. "Just a few more days, and we can work out an arrangement."

"No. I told you, I can't wait," she said as she stood to leave.

"There's no one else that can help you. You'll be back."

She cackled, her hand on the door. "Really? Because he's already made me an offer."

She opened the door to reveal the old man standing in the hall, stroking his beard.

"Not again," Death groaned. He covered his hood with his boney fingers.

"Well, helllooooo, old chum," Father Time said as he entered the room. He patted Death on the shoulder. "Don't tell me you forgot about me. Of course, the memory starts to fade a bit when you get to be our age," he said with a wink.

Chapter 5 by Caleb



"She's mortal, Time!" Death groaned again. "She doesn't know how anything works up here!"

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With a wave of Father Time's hand, the girl vanished from the room.

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"What did you do!"

"I'm hanging out with her a few minutes ago. Seriously, Death. You'll do it right? I mean... I know its easy to be skeptical coming from a human but..." Time whistled. "That girl throws a killer party."

"So go to those parties, when they are or were. She can still die afterward."

Time looked down and shook his head. "She dies horribly, Death."

Death rolled his eyes. "Crucified I suppose?"

"I won't tell you. But even you'd want her to avoid a death like this."

"Well... that's very sad and all but its important that mortals die, Time. They deteriorate. Its horrible after awhile."

Well couldn't she be not dead, but also not alive? Look, Death, I'm bored up here. I know everything that's ever happened and everything that's going to happen. In the mortal timeline its all the same over and over and over again. They start off, they go for a ways, and then you come along and they lose everything they ever started. In HER time- she's the best. She only lives to 27, only throws eight parties each one more incredible than the last. But that last party? Listen, Death- for a million years in both directions no one throws a better party. IMAGINE what she could be like after a million years of practice-

"She'll wither up." Death interrupted. "She'll shrivel and lose her mind like every human and I'll end up baby sitting her. I get it, Time. You can see everything in mortal time. You've never felt uncertainty, or surprise, and you never will unless you do something infinitely stupid like allowing a mortal into this dimension. But who is going to feed her? What happens after a million years of partying and SHE gets bored? What about her mortal friends and family? They're all going to die and she's going to miss them. We'll have to go and make THEM undead and then THEIR families and where will it stop? Hm? You'll be here again for every single one of them eventually. 'C'mon, Death old boy, just one more, just one more!' until every living thing that wants it gets an after life."

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more uptight that you are he's such a cluttered mess! But Death they'll love us for it the living love to live and they hate dying they'll worship us like gods. A party with everyone!"

"I don't want to be a God of a bunch of retards, Time. If we're going to do this we have to have a real plan, with rules and limits. No lazy people, no welfare cases... Time I honestly can't see it working, if people start living forever they'll suck everything up, they'll just consume and consume infinitely that's what living things do. And when they DO start ruining the universe I want a plan for that, too. Like something awful. Like they burn forever in a lava or something."

"That's extreme."

"If they don't want to burn in lava they'll behave. Its the easiest way."

"We'll teach them organization!" Time clapped, thrilled to even be talking about it. "They can help us with things up here. We could create new things! Things that natural chaos never makes, that take long enough that no living thing could ever make them! Totally new things that even you and I have never seen or thought of!"

Death and Time talked for years about the idea of an afterlife, what it might be like, and how it would work. After a mere decade they had settled everything pretty well and were ready to take some action.

"Alright. That covers all the specifics." Death nodded. "We'll both explain it to her."

"Can I go first?" Time asked.

"I'm the more realistic one, so that works fine for me, I'll go second."

The girl appeared again in the room.

Chapter 6 by heureux-xx



"Ma'am, ok, we've--" Time began before being cut off by Death.

"Ok look here girl, I don't know what you're thinking, but this man, IS TIME. And I am motherfucking old. You and I have been around. So, you don't want to be dead? Fine. Do what you want." Said Death with a flick of his scythe. It was quite obvious he was irritated.

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Poof And the Girl was gone.

"Umm, what the fuck was that Death? We didn't talk about any of that. And where is she, where did you transport her?"

"Yeah well, considering who I am, I didn't want to be pushed around by some girl on her period.. So I sent her back to where she came from. Except she's paralyzed. And invisible. And only a spirit. So there she will stand. For all eternity, just watching everything go by. She's not dead, nor is she alive."

"But.. What about the party?" Time replied. It was obvious that was the only thing he cared about.

"Oh, the party is still going on, don't you worry about that." Death replied with a cool grin slowly spreading across his face as he held up a kilo of coke.

Chapter 7 by Marius



Somewhere in the midst of the second year of partying with his colleague, and now he guessed friend, Father Time, Death finally felt the ease of anger abating. He had always struggled with his temper. It was an ever active forge with fire spitting hot. This flame was why mortals had what they refer to as "karma," why things always came back around to those who deserved it. It wasn't the universe making things right. It was just this old hooded skeleton swinging his scythe around when some really cocky sonofabitch pissed him off.

And now, there was that familiar feeling of the flame cooling, losing oxygen and food to continue its rampage through the pit of his stomach. The girl... she was miserable. He could feel it, taste it, smell it like a stench that wouldn't wash out of his cloak. She had done her time after agitating him so and requesting something so outrageous, requesting such a courtesy she didn't deserve. Her punishment was nearing its end and they would have to find something else for her, something more eloquent, more appropriate.

He knew now, as the cool rivers rushed through him and the drugs slowly seeped from his mind.

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and above all: should be a choice to receive and not forced upon her. It was this or death. She could not go back to the living. She knew too much, had experienced too much. Her mortal form couldn't house her mind any longer.

It was dead or undead, perish or vampirism.

Chapter 8 by Dana Busby



Death looked over at Time and a thought occurred to him, Time had never made such a request before. In all their eons together, Time had found special qualities in humans. --He had had a real thing for Amelia Earhart. What was it about this girl?

"Time?" began Death, "I've been thinking about that girl. The one who was good at parties and wanted to be not-alive."

"Yes?" inquired Time.

"What's your deal with her? From where I sit there wasn't anything great about her. Why give her special treatment?"

Time looked distinctly uncomfortable, but didn't respond.

"Time?" prompted Death.

"Well, you see, Eros owed me a favor from long ago when I was infatuated with one of the princesses of the Medici family. I did him a favor, and in return he was supposed to allow the chance to court this 'princess.' --The most beautiful woman I had ever seen, and such an entertainer!" Time had a far-off look.

"What happened?"

"Eros came to the conclusion that my beautiful Clarice was to have very important daughters, and therefore my interference would be at too great a cost. Eros said that at some future date, I could make a more reasonable selection he would gladly arrange a courtship."

"So, this girl?"

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"Well, you see, this girl had a certain poise, of course. But she had has the dark hair, the dark gray eyes, the full lips, and thick lashes. And then there was her

propensity for entertainment! You can understand I had felt my ship had come in."

Death was stunned, "Well, Time, I'm sorry. I had no idea. I have been thinking about the girl and feeling remorseful. What do you suppose we should do next?" Death felt even more remorseful because he too had been infatuated with humans before. -Very few it's true, but he was not immune to their charms. Most notably, he almost became human for the chance to be with the famed Cleopatra.

Time was quiet for a moment and then responded, "I do not know, Death. Your actions were like a slap in the face. I was quite angry at first, but then it was like a spell was lifted. Us immortals are easily distracted, as you know. When we moved on to other things, my heart did too. She is, in fact, just a girl. While I could have had fascinating discussions with Clarice Medici about the arts and politics, I know that this girl was only like her in a very superficial manner. I am willing to give her up and wait for another."

"What if I told you she that she is very unhappy?" inquired Death.

"What is the unhappiness of humans to us?"

Death was surprised by Time's callous attitude. "Well," began Death, "the fact is, because I intervened and caused the state of existence she is in, I can feel her, and she is quite miserable."

Time nodded.

Death continued, "I am considering a few options and would appreciate your feedback: she can pass on, she can become one of the undead, or she can become Vampire. Either way, we're doing her a favor, saving her from that original, awful death," reminded Death kindly.

Time folded his hands under his chin and considered, "I see your point. She knows too much."

They were quiet for a time.

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immortal existence, and then she saw a beautiful light; it was at once silvery and golden, bright but soft. She felt full and purified at the same time.

*

"Well, I'll be damned," said Death.

"Even the most ignorant of humans can make a surprisingly wise decision."

the end

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